

Fractured

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Summary: Toothless spent his time quietly, his usual joy absent from his outward behavior. When home, in the dwelling that once was filled with the sounds of duel beating hearts and muffled snores, he settled and waited for sleep to come. It rarely did. For, his dreams were always filled with darkness and the cries of the Brother who's heart had been shattered and broken. Post HtTYD II.

Fractured

Hello everyone! I do plan on adding more to my One-shot "Live With It", but I caught jitters for something else. This story, is from Toothless' Point of View. It's about his thoughts and feelings during the small rift that many believe occurs after Toothless inadvertently takes Stoick's life. I believe it would be considerably hard for Hiccup to cope with the fact his best friend killed his father, no matter the fact it wasn't Toothless' fault. I can picture Hiccup treating Toothless a bit differently than before. Not being cruel or intentionally hurtful, but his trust in Toothless is broken.

I've read a great many stories that have explored Hiccup's feelings about the matter. However, there are very FEW stories from Toothless' perspective. I think Toothless deserves a bit of exploration. So, here it is.

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><p>Fractured

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><p>Toothless spent his time far more quietly now, his usual excited, and sometimes forgetful, joy absent from his outward behavior. When home, in the dwelling that once was filled with the sounds of duel

beating human hearts and muffled snores, he settled down and waited for sleep to come. It rarely did. On the occasions in which exhaustion did manage to claim him, his dreams were always filled with darkness and the cries of the Brother who's heart had been shattered and broken.<p>

Yet, despite his exhaustion and the new-found weight that settled within his limbs, he rose, as always, and remained by his Brother's side. The Bond between them was strained and unstable, he could feel it in the air that surrounded him whenever he stood close. Where once there was trust, hesitation now took its place and now, every movement he made was executed slowly and with patience. If only to allow his Brother some sort of peace and reassurance. He would not allow fear to grace his Brother's scent again, not by him, at least.

As much as he missed the physical touch between them, he knew it was best to limit the nuzzles and pawing. Healing took time and patience. His Brother was not yet ready, which struck him deeply despite all else. He missed the long, unnecessary flights they had once taken. He missed the nights they spent curled into one another, when his Brother was too cold and the pelts he wore no longer kept winter's bite at bay. Most of all, he missed the odd expressions that often tugged at the corners of his Brother's mouth. The ones that were reserved for him and the private moments that accompanied them.

He missed the laughter. Oh, what a sound his Brother would make when in the thralls of joy! His roars had been loud and filled with a power and weight that he knew not that he possessed. It caused his wings to tremble and his heart, to soar. His Brother was most happy amongst the sky and the wind, for even though his form was different, he was made for such things. His spirit was wild, incapable of being tamed or conquered and rivaled Toothless in the love of the air that kept them aloft. His Brother, one who possessed neither wing nor tail, found true freedom here, as it does with all dragons.

Yet, now, the sky held no relief for him. His Brother flew with him for short distances, his form taunt and rigid upon his back. His bare paws would tighten and loosen in uncomfortable intervals upon his saddle, as if unable to find a suitable place for them. His knees often pressed themselves too tightly against his sides, uneasy. No, his Brother now found no joy in flying with him. Yet ever still, he understood. Healing took time and patience. His Brother was in desperate need of both.

So, Toothless allowed him to be as he was. He walked nearly a full step from him than he normally would, giving his Brother the much needed space. He refrained from compulsive behavior, knowing that doing so usually caused some form of mayhem. It would not help anyone if the forge was unintentionally destroyed because his Brother had offered a shadow of his former self. So he kept himself unnaturally calm and used the power of his eyes, rather than that of his body, to convey his happiness. Healing took time and patience, he reminded himself.

His mate helped, for they shared a Bond not seen before. She was everything his Brother needed and more. She spoke soft, gentle sounds to him when his heart was in the terrible thralls of pain and despair. It was these times Toothless found especially difficult, for he so wished to be the one to soothe and console him. Yet, he knew he

could not. So, instead, he would lay not far from the pair. Close enough that his presence could be sought out yet, far enough away that he would not intrude. He would be there but, only if his Brother sought him out on his own accord. He would allow him to be whatever he needed to be in that moment.

His brother's mate helped in other ways as well. In times when his Brother would allow the darkness to take too firm a hold upon his heart, her sounds were strong and fierce. She would stand proudly before him, convey to him that he was stronger than the darkness and would push him to stand and fight it. Once more, Toothless wished he could accomplish what she was able to. Yet, he knew he could not fight this battle. That right belonged to his Brother. It was he who had to stand and face his enemy, to conquer it and force it to submit to his will. His Brother was strong yet, he feared that his strength was waning.

His Brother's will was a different sort of fire altogether. It was stronger than the iron he mastered and bent beneath his paws, more flexible than the leather that supported him upon his back, and more cunning than the currents of ever shifting wind that enabled them flight. Yet, even the mightiest of wills cannot stand alone against the oceans truth and reality. His Brother's will was weakening, splintering apart, and Toothless knew not how to aid him. How could he begin to try when his mere presence caused his Brother pain and suffering?

Perhaps, Toothless slowly, yet painfully, began to realize, there was nothing more that could be done. Not by him, at least. His Brother had so many others now, to call upon for aid and comfort. His Mate, his Mother, his Kin, and even his Clan. His Clan looked to him now, sought him for wisdom and safety, held pride and admiration for him, and, most importantly, accepted him. What place was there for him now? He, who had been his Brother's companion, his confidant, his protector, his friend, . . . he who had betrayed him.

It mattered not to Toothless whether or not he had been in control. It mattered not that he had been forced to bend his will to a dragon who had equally no control. No. What mattered was he couldn't even break the spell of a dragon who had been controlled by a mere human. A filthy, disgraceful human who knew nothing of his kind, nor cared. A human who had taken over the will of a Bewilderbeast, a dragon whose kind were peaceful by nature and respected by all dragons, and had forced it to commit acts of terrible consequence.

And he could not fight it.

The horrid human had destroyed more than just his relationship with his Brother, more than caused the deaths of two great, and highly respectable, alphas. The retched creature had destroyed the Bonds of Trust between the dragons Toothless now lead, and the humans (those who belonged to his Brother) themselves. He struggled to help his brethren see that his Brother was nothing like the foul human who had harmed them, that they could trust in him. However, his Brother's recent change towards Toothless did not go unnoticed by the other dragons.

The new additions to the Nest, the ones who came from the Bewilderbeast's sanctuary, saw it as a disgrace and called the

treatment in which Toothless endured 'beneath him'. He was their alpha, their leader and protector. He was more than just a 'human's pet', as they called him once. Hookfang had rushed to Toothless' defense immediately when such accusations arose and Cloudjumper, who was the eldest out of all of them, had roughly scolded them for such talk. Yet, they argued, that if his Brother wish it so, Toothless could become like the Bewilderbeast. A mere slave to his Brother's will and, in turn, forcing the other dragons to follow him, leaving them with no choice and no freedom. And so the cycle would repeat itself and the dragons would be forced under human rule.

They were not meant to be ruled by humans. They were wild and free. They sought the friendship of the sky and the loyalty of the air, for they were beings of flight. They were not ground-dwellers like the humans, nor would they ever be. And they would NOT bend to the rule of beings much less than they.

Despite his Brother's grief and pain, Toothless knew Hiccup would never ask him to do anything of the sort, let alone against his will. No matter how their Bond suffered because of recent events, Toothless still trusted him with absolute surety. He was reasonable, level-headed, and genuinely cared for the well-being of ALL dragons. Toothless' own personal relationship with his Brother may be suffering, but that was no reason not to trust his Brother with the safety of his Nest. He could not, would not, lose faith in him. Even if his Brother had lost his faith in Toothless.

His Nest may question him, perhaps even doubt him at times, but Toothless would not allow their faith in his Brother to waver. Humans and Dragons could live together in harmony, in peace. There would be obstacles and challenges yet, they would whether the storms and fly true, as he knew they could.

So, his days were spent by his Brother's side, patiently waiting for the day when that Trust and Faith would be restored. For when that day came, they would be even closer and stronger than they ever were before.

Two hearts, one soul.

Brothers.

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><p>I wanted to convey a lot of emotion, but without a lot of . . um, angst I suppose. Dragons are different from humans, but in Toothless' case, he's a very emotional dragon. Yet, sensible and understanding. He knows what happened is not his fault entirely, yet he still feels responsible. Yet, he also knows that he has to let Hiccup grieve. Basically, Toothless is removing himself slightly from Hiccup not because he feels that he isn't wanted anymore (though, he does feel hurt by Hiccup's lack of trust), but to allow Hiccup to heal.

Hiccup cannot move on if Toothless is constantly mothering him or forcing himself on the boy. Hiccup needs space yet, Toothless also is not going to just abandon Hiccup either. He still is going to stand by him no matter what, even if Hiccup no longer trusts him in the same way he once did. Toothless loves him, that isn't going to change.

Also, the paragraphs about new dragons from Valka's island hit me out of the blue. These dragons were controlled by a dragon who has the ability to either keep the peace or start wars. That struck me as a powerful thing. Drago, a mere human, managed to force one of these alphas into killing another and thus, taking control of all the others. With these dragons, who have experience with being controlled against their wishes** and maybe even their own beliefs, I wondered how they would react to Toothless' now less-than-perfect relationship with Hiccup.**

With Toothless as the new alpha, I believe the dragons from Valka's island would be concerned. Hiccup is going through a very trying time, but it's times like this that humans can turn down the wrong path. Such as with Drago. They fear that Hiccup may start to view dragons differently, or perhaps use his grief in a negative way. Since Toothless is so close to Hiccup, that can be problematic. Hiccup could very well use Toothless the same way Drago did with the 'bad' alpha, and thus use the dragons to whatever end he wanted.

The dragons don't want to be controlled. They are wild beings who deserve their freedom and being tied to an alpha who is so close to a human alpha, seems to be quite a risk. I don't even think Hiccup knows how powerful he is right now. He has the ability to control a whole nest of dragons at will, because Toothless (their alpha) is his best friend. That is something I wanted to address and maybe even explore.

**Overall? I'm very proud of this piece. And of Hiccup and Toothless because, at the very end of the second movie, you see them together and they are smiling. Their bond is one of the strongest things I have ever seen on film. Ever. I wanted to write something to attribute to that. I hope I succeeded. **

End
file.